

NOW SHOWING CARPETS! FOR FALL SALE! THE LATEST AND BEST STYLES.

THE BEST QUALITIES! DRUGGETS, LIGNUM, LINOLEUMS, &c. M. McALLUM, 77 FIFTH AVENUE, ABOVE WOOD ST.

CENTRAL HOTEL, MAIN STREET, SOMERSET, PENN'A., Opened for guests on January 10th, 1881.

F. S. KLEINDIENST, R. O. LANDIS, PURE RYE WHISKY, MEDICAL AND MECHANICAL PURPOSES.

MILLER & CO., PLUMBERS, STEAM AND GAS FITTERS, NO. 112 Franklin Street, Johnstown, Pa.

SOMERSET COUNTY BANK, CHARLES J. HARRISON, Cashier and Manager.

WALTER ANDERSON, MERCHANT TAILOR, COB. WOOD ST. AND SIXTH AVENUE.

JOHN HICKS & SON, SOMERSET, PA., And Real Estate Brokers, ESTABLISHED 1850.

CHARLES HOFFMAN, MERCHANT TAILOR, (Above Henry Heffley's Store).

3,000 Gallons PURE FERMENTED WINE, FOR SALE.

DIAMOND HOTEL, JOHNSTOWN, PENN'A., Agents for Fire and Life Insurance.

WINE, FOR SALE, SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

SUMMER IS GONE, BUT SPRING WILL COME AGAIN. THE leaves are fading and falling. The winds are rough and wild. The birds have ceased their calling.

STORY OF A PREACHER'S TRIP. BY JANE GRAY SWISSHELM. Once upon a time, about the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and fifty, there lived in Franklin county, Pa., a young man named Jack Merritt and his sister, Emeline, who had lost their father and found a step-father quite early in life.

Jack having no brother to educate and his class of boy pupils being limited to those he had been required to prepare for in the kitchen fire. Miss Merritt might cry (for what else could you expect of a girl?) but she did not question Jack's right to take care of her in his own way.

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A Man's Strange Fight. It was in the Island of Borneo. A queer place it is, I tell you, and the queerest lot of people I ever saw in my life.

Ned, who began to have a faint idea of the truth, had the good luck to break the leg of another. The pitiful yell he uttered brought the others at us, and I drew my knife, a regular old bowie, and waited.

I landed from my ship one day, and with Ned McKittrick, a boy from the green isle, I started for a cruise on the shore. We reckoned on a hunt, and brought guns, though we didn't know what kind of game we were likely to secure up.

I didn't tell him that they weren't men we were fighting with until we got to the ship, and he was bragging how many Dyaks he killed.

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A Present from General Sherman. Governor Murray tells a laughable story of his experiences in the Georgia march to the sea which is worth repeating.

Speaking of the famous march through Georgia, said the Governor, "I never shall forget the amount of money it cost us to keep an old woman from crying herself to death. Of course we were obliged to enlist off the country as we were going along, and we naturally took about the best in sight. One day we took possession of a chicken rancho kept by an old lady, who stood at the front gate with a broom and threatened to kick all Sherman's forces if they did not move on. Now, chickens were considered officers' meat, and as we were infernally hungry, we went for these old hens pretty lively. When she saw that her favorite fowls were being caught and killed she kicked right over and began to cry. Presently she began to scream, and finally you could hear her screams clear to Atlanta. I sent the sergeant in to quiet her, but he failed, and then all the officers took turns, but the more attention paid to her the more she howled. A man got pretty nervous over the infernal noise because the whole army would hear it, and they might suppose somebody was torturing the woman. Finally Sherman rode up and asked what it was about, and when we told him he said: "Give her a bushel of confederate bonds for her hen, and see that you stop her. Acting on this hint, I proceeded to business. We had captured a confederate train the day before with \$4,000,000 of confederate money, and I hunted up the train at once. The money was worth about two cents on the dollar. Well, I stuffed about half a million into an old carpet sack and marched into the house.

"Madam," said I opening the sack, "I'll give you \$500,000 to stop that noise." It was as still as death in a minute, and then her face expanded in a broad smile. "I had the packages on the floor, and I never saw such a pleased woman. The effect pleased me, and I continued: "General Sherman presents his compliments and \$100,000." I never in my life saw such a delighted old woman, and I wound up by dumping the contents of the sack right down on the floor, and telling her that when it came to contributions to distressed families I could not be outdone by any living man.

"She invited the officers to supper and she cooked every chicken on the rancho and let out her elder as free as water. We were having a pretty good time when a long, lank old cod came in, and she said it was her husband. Pretty soon his eye fell on the money. "Sarah!" said he, "where in blazes did you get that durned truck?" "A present from General Sherman," said she.

"That ain't worth a continental cent; they're kindlin' fires with it down in New Orleans." "The old woman rose up, her face as white as your shirt front, and her eyes weren't pleasant to meet." "So you're the blik that gave me this here?" she called out, reaching for the money. "The entire mess rose and started from that house. We never heard any more of her, and there isn't a man of the crowd who would meet that old woman for all that confederate money, if it would bring one hundred cents on the dollar as the treasury department, Washington—Salt Lake Tribune.

Missed the Train. It was a colored man. His back was all dirt, one tail of his coat was gone, and every bone in his body was aching. He had two limps and a hitch as he came out, and there was a new French shade of sadness in his voice as he told the mark and said: "I missed the train, sah." "Yes, it looks like it. Is your name Gen. Scott Green?" "What train did you miss?" "I don't just remember what train it was." "Where was you going?" "Down the road." "What road?" "Well, that I can't member, sah." "Well, do you remember of getting on a drunk?" "No, sah. Maybe I called for lemonade an' dey gin me whisky, but don't 'actly member it. All I recollect is dat I missed de train."

"I think you got the train all right, sah. You're a train, around pretty lively when the officer got hold of your collar." "I'll walk with my sleep, sah." "Well, that's bad for you. You broke a window, kicked in a door, and raised a big row. Have you observed the state of your wardrobe?" "Well, do you remember of getting on a drunk?" "No, sah. Maybe I called for lemonade an' dey gin me whisky, but don't 'actly member it. All I recollect is dat I missed de train."

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